

FOOTBALL - Harry Beecher
RACING - Francis Trevelyan
YACHTING - Duncan Curry.

RACE TRACKS RUN A "KITTY" TOO.

You Don't See It, but That's
Where the Money Even-
tually Goes.

AND BETTORS FURNISH IT.

Percentage for Both Layer and
Backer Has Dwindled in
Recent Years.

By Francis Trevelyan.

Backers are having all the worst of the game at Benning's, and the not unusual conclusion is arrived at that the layers are simply coining money. In this particular case the layers may be doing as well as they are credited with, but there is no greater amount of exaggeration perpetrated about anything than about the ease with which "pencilers" rake in and keep the dollars of the public.

And in passing it must be said that the tendency on the part of sentimental writers outpouring topics to deplore the prominence given to betting is absurd. Racing, of course, has its sentimental side, as must any genuine sport, but betting is an integral part of it. The winning of money, whether in stakes or purses, or in bets, is the surest earnest of success. Had the turf, which is a necessary institution in every horse-breeding country, been capable of existing without the betting adjunct, the Percy-Gray law would surely have been framed so as to forbid all manner of betting.

The Percy-Gray law, while it corrected former abuses, leaves a latitude in regard to personal betting—i. e., betting between private individuals, that exactly meets the requirements of the case.

To look back to the original question, it seems a simple proposition that where one man loses on a betting transaction another must win. The money cannot vanish into thin air. Ergo, writers and the public conclude that where backers fare badly layers must be "getting the dough." Yet, were it possible to examine the ledgers of all the members of the Metropolitan Turf Association, it would undoubtedly be found that the majority had done little, if at all, better than make a fair dividend on their capital, and if one regards the laying of odds on horse racing as a business proposition, one must concede that the profits should be large in proportion to the extreme risks incurred.

The first obvious question is: Who gets the money? The second: Why should the layers of to-day be unable to make money as their predecessors of a dozen years ago did?

Like Poker with a Kitty.
Any one who has played poker with a "kitty" can answer the first question. The layers have a percentage nominally in their favor that would seem bound to land them ahead of the game in the long run, and even if it does not, assuredly nullifies against the backers. The racing associations, however, have a far stronger percentage, a percentage that cannot be beaten, inasmuch as no risks are involved. The associations are the "kitty" that gets the profits. Whether these profits are not ineffectually big and should not be redistributed, or at least a few years ago was ignorant of the fact, is a question that need not be considered here.

As to the inability of the layers to contend with the weight of their expense accounts, a totally different problem is involved. The New York public of to-day, as educated in horse racing, is the public as educated in horse racing a few years ago was ignorant of the fact, is a question that need not be considered here.

The reasons for this are many. Perhaps the reason that lies nearest the root of the matter is that this New York is racing going on within easy reach during some seven months of the year, and a few years ago had it going on the whole year. This has resulted in the press paying such attention to the sport as has never been accorded to it in any other country. Moreover, the public has had a wonderful chance of acquiring knowledge by personal observation, which has been supplemented by the "form charts" and long stories habitually printed in the papers.

This over-educated public is strikingly different from the English racing public for example. On the other side of the Atlantic meetings last only two, three or four days, and a fresh meeting, probably one hundred or two hundred miles away, opens. The average Londoner or New Yorker, gets his racing in homeopathic doses. The knowledge of form is therefore comparatively imperfect, as acquired from personal observation, while the artificial aid of "form charts" is altogether lacking, or at any rate was until some engraving American instituted a private chart during the past summer.

Harder Times for Both Parties.
The education of the public would on the face of it seem to presuppose the triumph of the backer, but that is not how the thing has worked. It has instead brought harder times for both backer and layer.

To-day the layer has to lay much shorter odds against the favorite than he could have ten years ago and cannot get the outsiders backed at any price. In other words, though a dozen horses may be running, he may have to make his book virtually on three or four horses. When the stakes were used and the odds publicly displayed, the figure were often unflattering enough to bring in some money on outsiders, but under the existing system such aid is lacking.

The layer has a great difficulty in making a "round book" and the backer has to take all the worst of the price. Time and time again a horse will start at even money who a few years ago would have been at 5 or even 10 to 1 because the public is trained to observe races and can see minor accidents that defeat a horse and is furthermore aided by the charts and stories of the turf reporters. In other words the backer has a far greater percentage against him than formerly because the layer is virtually trying to make a round book on a minority of the horses running in the majority of races. The backer loses without the layer profiting and the associations rake down the profits.

Not Like Old Times.
Many may be inclined to doubt the statement that the layers are not making money. Some of them are, but many of the statements that find their way into print about winnings made are either grossly exaggerated or are altogether without foundation.

One prominent member of the Metropolitan Turf Association, who has been credited with being a very big winner on the past season and the other day: "I never astonishes me when I hear that any man has given up betting. There is little enough in laying against horses these days and nothing in backing them."

Had a good season? Well, I suppose I have. At times, go, but I should have thought it a very bad one only a few years ago. I have had a good deal of experience in regular business, and larger profits on capital invested are not at all unusual in lines where the risk involved is comparatively nothing. I am only one of many who are seriously contemplating retirement. Many of us think we should do better to make sure of keeping what money we have."

SPORTING NEWS TOLD BY EXPERTS.

CYCLING - A. G. Batchelder
PUGILISM - "Right Cross"
BASEBALL - Charles Dryden

LENOX DISARMS BOXERS' SECONDS

Makes a Rule Whereby They
Are Powerless to Com-
promise a Contest.

FIGHTERS HAVE THE SAY.

They Are to Be Consulted Be-
fore a Handler Can Make a
Move in the Ring.

The officials of the Lenox Athletic Club have at last awakened to the clamor for a change in the rules governing boxing matches, and have decided to revise the laws in such a way that a repetition of last Tuesday night's fake battle will be impossible. It has long been the opinion of sporting men, and especially those who patronize boxing contests, that the present rules were incomplete and indefinite, and consequently left many loopholes for unfair tactics. The rule which will cover the actions of the seconds in jumping into the ring is as follows:

"No second shall have the right to acknowledge defeat or compromise the contest without first consulting the principal."

Hereafter if a second enters the ring to claim a foul he will be ejected and permanently barred from the club, while the fighters are ordered to proceed. Tom O'Rourke, in speaking of the new rule, said:

"This rule will go into effect at our next show, and every fighter who appears in the Lenox Club will have to abide by it or he may fight elsewhere. It is the only rule that will prevent a job by a fighter's handlers and protect the public from being fooled. The clubs in London have rules to protect its patrons. Why not have the same here? We intend to see that the new rule is lived up to without interference. If necessary representatives will be placed in the fighters' corners, to prevent by force anybody from entering the ring except at the proper time."

George Dixon and Oscar Gardner will box twenty-five rounds at the Lenox to-morrow night, and both boxers are in good shape for the encounter. It will be remembered that in Dixon's last fight at the Lenox he beat the decision over Dave Sullivan on a foul, the latter's seconds jumping into the ring. It is safe to say Dixon will win under the same conditions to-morrow night.

Teddy McGovern, the Brooklyn bantam who fought Patsey Donovan at the Nonpareil Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, on Saturday night, a six-round bout, is in great demand in the Quaker City. Immediately after his contest with Donovan he was engaged to give another exhibition to-morrow night, and will meet Fred Snyder, a Quaker boy, with a good reputation. Two matches in four days with two of the cleverest boxers at their weights in Philadelphia is a contract on the hands of the Brooklynite. But Teddy and his manager, Sam Harris, know the game pretty well.

The Lenox Athletic Club has offered a percentage of the gate receipts for a twenty-five round bout between Gus Ruhlin and Joe Chynski. Billy Madden has accepted the offer on behalf of Ruhlin, and Chynski has been notified of the club's desire to go. "Joe" will answer in the affirmative, for he has been anxiously awaiting an opportunity for a return match, since he was beaten by Ruhlin in a six-round go at Philadelphia a few weeks ago. It is also said that Chynski would rather fight in New York than elsewhere, especially when it is on a percentage. If the match is arranged to come off at the Lenox it will take place on December 27.

AGAINST CASPER LEON.

The New York Bantam Loses a Six
Round Fight to Sammy Harris
at Chicago.

Chicago, Nov. 27.—Sammy Harris, of Chicago, was given the decision last night over Casper Leon, of New York, at the end of a six-round bout in the gymnasium of the Chicago Athletic Club. Harris is a young brother of "Kid" Harris, and last night was his first fight before a club of any importance.

In the first two rounds Leon's cleverness was a trifle too much for Harris, but the youngster was cool and plucky and by the end of the fourth round he had Leon very tired. The last two rounds were all in favor of Harris, who kept Leon's head bobbing back and forth with straight left hands.

He fought Leon to a standstill in the sixth and landed five times to one by Leon. Nobody expected Harris to win, owing to his youth and inexperience, and his clean-cut victory over such an opponent as Leon set the crowd wild. Both weighed 107 pounds.

In the other bouts of the evening, Jack Lewis, of Chicago, won over Jack Hopkins, of Chicago; Frank Scott, of Chicago, won over the decision over Bert Woods, of Toledo, Ohio, and Jack Carrig, of New York, won over Jack Carroll, of Chicago, by a liberal margin.

BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT.

Four of the Strongest Teams Here-
abouts Begin a Schedule of Games
To-morrow Night.

A basketball tournament between four of the strongest teams in and about the metropolis will open the season at Mather's Academy, on Clinton street, near Fulton, Brooklyn, to-morrow night. The stars of the Polytechnic Varsity five in a challenge match. The Adelphi team will also meet the crack Cambridge Athletic Club team in a match game. Play will be called at 8 p. m.

Some brilliant playing is anticipated when the crackjacks of the game come together.

To-Day's Probable Winners.

At Benning's.
FIRST RACE—PEAF, BLUEWAY.
SECOND RACE—SHEIK, ANIMUS.
THIRD RACE—DECAPON, TRILLIN.
FOURTH RACE—BELVONA, DEATH.
FIFTH RACE—FRANCES ROOKER, MEE.
HANUS.
SIXTH RACE—WALKENSHAW, EASTER-TIDE.

Only Fourteen, but 6 Times a Thief.
Maria Vega, a boy fourteen years old, was sent to jail on Saturday. His arrest on Friday night was the sixth in as many months. His record for an all-around crook has never been equaled in the history of New Jersey.

NOT THE "SLOANE SEAT" AT ALL. "TOD" SIMPLY COPIED GILPIN.



John Gilpin's Ride.

(From Richardson's Illustrations of Cowper's poem.)

DURING Jockey Tod Sloane's successful campaign on the English race tracks the Journal printed a page illustrated article describing his method of riding. This article was reproduced in scores of English newspapers, and was the subject of much comment. A facetious individual wrote to the London Star that it was not the "Sloane seat" but the "Gilpin seat" that has revolutionized horse racing in England, and, with frequent quotations from Cowper's famous poem, accompanied by an old print, proves his case as follows:

"I regret to find your sporting editor, Captain Coe, joining in the parrot chorus of praise to Tod Sloane, the American jockey, and his wonderful riding. The public is not to be blamed for being carried away by fantastic theories which have been propounded to account for Sloane's success when men of judgment and experience like Captain Coe are deceived into believing that he has invented some new theory of equestrianism."

"Permit me to point out that the 'Sloane seat' was the discovery or invention of the illustrious John Gilpin, Esq., of Chesham, in the city of London, linen draper, citizen and captain of train bands, and that he demonstrated its superiority over the ordinary riding seat in a fastest on record from the neighborhood of the City road."

"I am in haste to dine."

"A postboy who tried a burst with him was soon out-distanced, and the author of the song finally admits that the tollmen opened the turnpike gates because they thought 'that Gilpin rode a race,' and with a flash of candor he adds:

"And so he did, and won it, too."

"For he got first to town."

"No stopped till where he had got up."

"He did not get down."

"I trust we shall hear no more about the Sloane seat, and that credit will be given where credit is undoubtedly due—to our countryman."

"There is here internal evidence that it was a match against time, at weight for age, and that the articles of the match."

Origin of the Method of
Riding Which Startled
England.

Writer in the London Star
Proves His Case Be-
yond Dispute.

And Furnishes an Old-Time
Print in Support of
His Claim.

through Islington, then a rural spot, and past the Bar at Edmonton to Ware, and back again to the city, a course of close upon twenty miles; which proves to my mind not only the cleverness of his riding, but the superior blood and staying power of the horses of those days.

"In proof of my contention I enclose a contemporary print which shows how Mr. Gilpin discarded the ordinary long stirrup leather and assumed the forward position, with hands held well towards his horse's mouth, with which Sloane has again familiarized the public. It is true that a writer of ballads or broadsheets named Cowper wrote a song, once popular, with the object of imputing Gilpin's feat to the fact that his horse ran away with him, but you have only to refer to the foregoing verses to find that he could not altogether disguise the truth. For example:

"Had handled been before."

"What time upon his back had got."

"Did wonder how he rode."

"Which is clear evidence that it was Gilpin riding the horse, not the horse running away with Gilpin. Again:

"Away went Gilpin—who but he?"

"His fame such speed around."

"He carries whomever he rides a race!"

"For a thousand round!"

"There is here internal evidence that it was a match against time, at weight for age, and that the articles of the match."



Tod Sloane's Seat.

(From a recent edition of the Journal.)

and been properly drawn and the stakes fixed. He was in no discomfort or apprehension, for the fellow Cowper distinctly states that:

"Thus that merry tilting."

"That is, he rode easily, and with a bit in hand all the time; indeed, he invited his horse to greater efforts, for we read that:

"So turning to his horse he said."

"I am in haste to dine."

"A postboy who tried a burst with him was soon out-distanced, and the author of the song finally admits that the tollmen opened the turnpike gates because they thought 'that Gilpin rode a race,' and with a flash of candor he adds:

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M. JOYEUX WILL SUPPLY COMEDY.

He Is Expected to Furnish
the Fun in the Six-Day
Cycle Race.

"JOSHING" FOREIGNERS.

This Is Now the Amusement of
Taylors, Who Acts as
Interpreter.

Every six-day race possesses a comedian who enlivens matters at various stages of the long ride when the mammoth amphitheatre is sparsely sprinkled with spectators, and these times are generally during the hours between midnight and sunrise. During the struggle a year ago in Madison Square Garden, Frank Waller, well known as the "Flying Dutchman," would experience an lining of crankiness, when he would have to relieve himself vocally, which he did in a manner that invariably evoked laughter from his fellow competitors, for Waller is amusing in his most serious moments. His kicks lose their strength by his ludicrous expressions which he employs in trying to make himself understood.

The rider who promises to supply the amusement in the coming race is Theodore Joyeux, one of the French importations, and the merry twinkle in his eye plainly foretells what is behind it. The tall buildings, the express elevators and electric and cable cars have become a source of wonder to Joyeux ever since he stepped upon American soil. During the training at Berkeley Oval the "Comedian" never failed to seize upon the humorous side of everything that presented itself. Particularly amused was Joyeux when he was given water instead of wine to drink with his meals, but a vigorous protest on his part, seconded by Frederick, the Swiss, soon brought the much-desired claret upon the table.

Stéphane, who arrived Saturday, is no stranger to American ways and manners, but Monachon, the Swede, who came with him, is undergoing the troubles of a stranger in a strange land. As this is Hale's third visit to America, the popular Irishman is never guilty of any "blunders" such as are common to Joyeux and Monachon. Little Taylors, the middle distance crack, is now in great demand as an interpreter, and incidentally he solves the opportunity of doing some "stringing" similar to what he was subjected to during his first weeks in this country. He is having the most fun with Joyeux, and now and then takes a fall out of Fournier and Ricard, the petroleum tandem experts. Fournier understands a little English, but not enough to match with the apparently obtuse Taylors, behind whose sincere countenance there exists considerable fun-making proclivity.

The Irish candidates in the race besides Hale are Pilkington and Nawn. Pilkington has only been in this country a couple of months, was born in Dublin, and his brogue is thick enough to cut. Nawn would not be mistaken for anything else except a product of the Emerald Isle, and many consider him the best "dark horse" in the race. John West, Miller's trainer, figures that Pilkington will secure one of the big moneys.

Exactly thirty-two entries have been accepted for the race, but an effort is being made to reduce the number by several. The idea is to have only seasoned campaigners, riders who have played the game of endurance for a long time, and who are physically incapable of such a contest have applied for permits to start. They have been discouraged and talked out of the foolish attempt to win fame and money in a task that calls for a constitution capable of unusual endurance.

Archie Lathan to Play Polo.
Although the New York polo players were in a wreck on Saturday, they will nevertheless play their regular schedule match game with Stamford at the Grand Central Palace to-night. New York will be interested in knowing that Archie Lathan, the old baseball player, will play polo for the first time. During the game tonight, Prof. George Beger's band will play popular airs.

GIVES CORBETT AN AWFUL ROAST.

The London Referee Lets A
Soldier's Friend Was
Out on Him in a Scath-
ing Editorial.

NOT AT ALL SURPRISED.

National Sporting Club Adopts
an American Idea for
Future Bouts.

Special Cable to the Journal.

(Copyright, 1893, by W. R. Hearst.)

London, Nov. 27.—An editorial in to-day's Referee, written by a leading boxing authority, lets out on the Corbett-Sharkey fight thus:

"I never could make Corbett a good man and I know something about American form. That he was a miserable, ungrateful snob, who blackguard his hosts, I was painfully aware. Corbett made an awful fool of himself here. After his visit to England one could guess what manner of man or beast this was who reviled those for whom he had professed gratitude and regard."

"Nobody here is sorry this hoodlum, this silly-headed show fellow was so far beaten that his second played the old game of getting him disqualified rather than have Sharkey settle him. This blatant, chuck-yourself-about impostor's claim to first class is now effectually outwiped."

In consequence of Turner's death after a fight with Nat Smith, the National Sporting Club has decided that all men engaged to fight there must pass surgeon before going into the ring. This idea was borrowed from America.

Billy Murphy Knocked Out.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 27.—At the Commercial Club last night George Kivan and Eddie Connolly fought a twenty-round draw. Eddie Sauty knocked out Billy Murphy in the third round of a scheduled fifteen-round contest.

ONE FIST BLOW KILLED THIS MAN.

A Soldier's Friend Was
"Knocked Out" For-
ever in a Saloon.

TEN MEN WERE ARRESTED

Police Will Try and Discover
Which Was the Murder-
ous Samson.

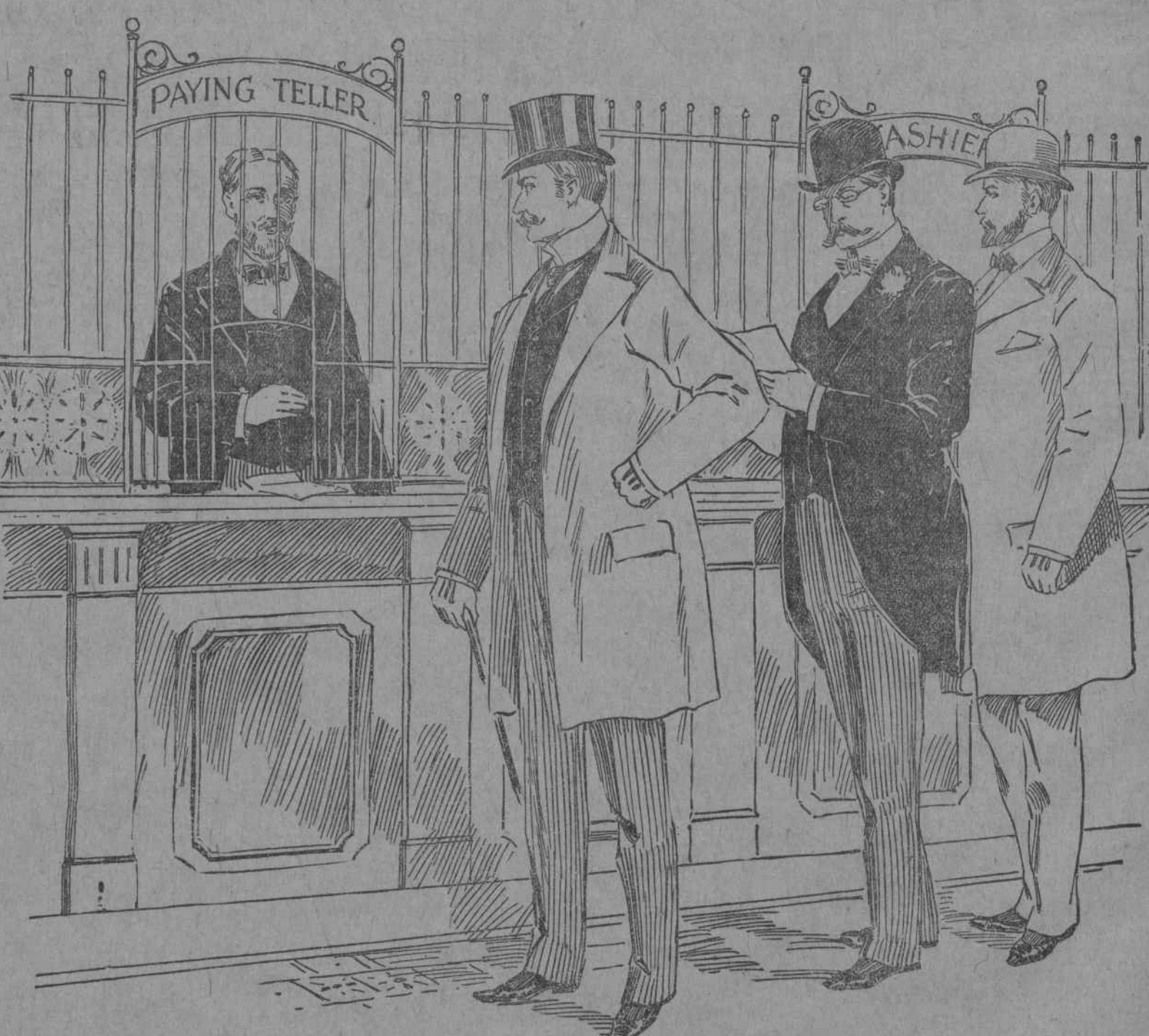
A single fist blow is said to have caused the instantaneous death of a man in a saloon of this city late on Saturday night. Who struck the blow has not yet been fully established, but the police have in custody all the occupants of the room where the tragedy took place, and hope to have an adjourned hearing in the Yorkville Police Court this morning to discover the owner of an arm and fist which can be used with such unusual and deadly effect. The chief witness will be James W. Dalton, of the First United States Volunteer Regiment, who returned from Porto Rico on Friday. By way of celebrating his return Dalton and his friend Joseph Fitzgerald, thirty-five years old, of No. 208 East Thirty-eighth street, visited a number of drinking places on Saturday afternoon and evening, and shortly before midnight entered a saloon kept by Abe Meyers at No. 677 Third avenue.

The place was crowded, and some of the men in the saloon made joking remarks to Dalton. One asked him if he could "shoot a horse," and Dalton replied, "Yes; I can shoot anything."

Other remarks were exchanged and then, according to Dalton, a powerfully built man struck on Fitzgerald one blow on the side of the head with his fist. They were in the rear room at the time. The force of the blow threw Fitzgerald off his feet, and death followed within a few minutes.

Police Captain Kane, in explaining the homicide to Magistrate Mend, said that he had also arrested the saloon keeper for violation of the liquor law, as he had sold a bottle of whiskey in his presence after midnight. Meyer was represented by Lawyer Mark Alter, who has the hearing adjourned until to-day. All the prisoners were remanded back to the precinct until this morning.

RIPANS



IN ONE NEW YORK BANK.

Mr. R. M. Matteson, the Teller in the Nassau Bank, Temple Court, corner Beekman and Nassau streets, New York City, says he smokes a good deal evenings after dinner and finds that one Ripans Tabule taken before retiring allays the nervous feeling that tends to follow incessant smoking and helps him in getting to sleep almost as soon as he goes to bed. He also notes that the tobacco taste in the mouth is also gone next morning if he has swallowed a R-I-P-A-N-S. Mr. Matteson's connection with the Nassau Bank dates from March 17, 1854, a continuous service of more than forty years. In the same bank is Mr. Henry J. Kennedy, who has been employed there as clerk for the past seventeen years, and from a slight liver trouble has long been subject to sick headaches. He says he has never found any remedy that will stop the trouble so quick as a Ripans Tabule, and if he is careful to take one after meals when the symptoms appear he avoids the headache altogether.

WANTED—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send five cents to Ripans Pharmaceutical Co., No. 10 Spruce street, New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials. R-I-P-A-N-S, 10 for 5 cents, or 12 packets for 48 cents, may be had of all druggists who are willing to sell a standard medicine at a moderate profit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the packet. Accept no substitute.